I am as hot as molten Lead, and as heavy too. God keepe Lead out of me, I need no more weight then mine own bowels : I have led my rag of Muffians where they are peperd ther's not three of my 150. left alive, and they are for the townes end, to beg during life. But who comes heere? *Enter Prince.*

Prin. What ſtandſt thou idle heere? lend me thy Sword,
Many a Nobleman lies ſtarke and ſtiffe,
Under the hooves of vaunting enemies,
Whoſe deaths are yet unrevengd, I prethee lend me thy ſword.

Fal. O *Hal*, I prethee give me leave to breathe a while, *Turk Gregory* never did ſuch deeds in armes, as I have done this day. I have payd *Percy*, I have made him ſure.

Prin. He is indeed, and living to kill thee;
I prethee lend me thy ſword.

Fal. Nay before God, *Hal*, if *Percy* be alive, thou get'ſt not my ſword, but take my piſtoll if thou wilt.

Prin. Give it me: what? is it in the caſe?

Fal. I *Hal*, 'tis hot, there's that will ſacke a City.

The Prince drawes it out, and findes it a bottell of Sacke.

Prin. What is it a time to jeſt and dally now?

He throwes the Bottle at him. *Exit.*

Fal. If *Percy* be alive, i'le pierce him, if he doe come in my way, ſo: if he doe not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a Carbonado of me. I like not ſuch grinning honour as *ſir Walter* hath: give me life, which if I can ſave, ſo: if not, honour comes unlook't for, and there's an end.

Alarme, excurſions, enter the King, *the* Prince, *Lord* John *of* Lancaſter, *and* Earle *of* Weſtmerland.

King. I prethee *Harry* withdraw thy ſelfe, thou bleedeſt too much; Lord *Iohn* of *Lancaſter*, goe you with him.

P. Iohn. Not I, my Lord, unleſſe I did bleed too.

Prin. I beſeech your Majeſty make up,
Leſt your retirement doe amaze your friends.

Ki. I will doe ſo my L. of *Weſtmerland*, lead him to his Tent.

Weſt. Come, my Lord, i'le lead you to your Tent.

Prince. Lead me, my Lord, I do not need your helpe;
And God forbid a ſhallow ſcratch ſhould drive

The

The Prince of *Wales* from ſuch a field as this,
Where ſtaynd Nobility lies troden on,
And Rebels Armes triumph in maſſacres.

Iohn. We breathe too long, come couſin *Weſtmerland*,
Our duty this way lies: For Gods ſake come.

Prin. By God, thou haſt deceiv'd me, *Lancaſter*,
I did not thinke thee Lord of ſuch a ſpirit;
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, *Iohn*,
But now I doe reſpect thee as my ſoule.

King. I ſaw him hold Lord *Percy* at the poynt;
With luſtier maintenance then I did looke for
Of ſuch an ungrowne Warrier.

Prin. O, this Boy lends metall to us all. *Exit.*

Dow. Another King, they grow like Hydras heads,
I am the *Dowglas* fatall to all thoſe
That weare thoſe colours on them. What art thou
That counterfeitſt the perſon of a King?

King. The King himſelfe, who *Dowglas* grieves at heart,
So many of his ſhadowes thou haſt met,
And not the very King: I have two Boyes
Seeke *Percy* and thy ſelfe, about the Field;
But ſeeing thou fall'ſt on me ſo luckily,
I will aſſay thee: and defend thy ſelfe.

Dow. I feare, thou art another Counterfeit;
And yet in faith thou bear'ſt thee like a King:
But mine I am ſure thou art, who ere thou be:
And thus I winne thee.

They fight, the King being in danger, Enter Prince of Wales.

Prince. Hold up thy head, vile *Scot*, or thou art like
Never to hold it up againe, the ſpirits
Of valiant *Sherly*, *Stafford*, *Blunt*, are in my Armes,
It is the Prince of *Wales* that threatens thee,
Who never promiſeth, but he meanes to pay.

They fight, Dowglas flieth.

Cheerely my Lord, how fares your Grace?
Sir Nichlas Gawſey hath for ſuccour ſent,
And ſo hath *Clifton*; i'le to *Clifton* ſtrait.

King. Stay, and breath a while,

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